

# DOCTOR • WHO

## WASTE NOT

PART TWO

Previously in *Doctor Who Adventures*: the *Doctor* and *Martha* are on the planet *Zetheda*... a world buried in *rubbish*!

The *Ratlings* have lived here for thousands of years – but now the *Optimi* have arrived...

... and they're *not* happy!

This world should be a *paradise*! We have travelled across the galaxy only to find it's little more than a *rubbish dump*!

Now be fair, *Vlar* – that's not the *Ratlings'* fault.

They came here absolutely *ages* ago, *crashed* their spaceship and found themselves *stuck* on a planet being used as a *galactic landfill site*.

Yeah!

Over time they've *evolved* from human beings into what they are *now*...

Vermin!

Ye – *no*! No! Anyway, that's *intelligent* and *peace-loving* vermin to you, son...

*Gah!* You are *not* related to the *Optimi* in any way!

I wouldn't be so *sure* about that...

You're not kidding, *Martha*!

*Rrarrrrghhh!*

This is heading for a right old *bust-up*.

*Run!*

Script TREVOR BAXENDALE  
Art JOHN ROSS  
Colours ALAN CRADDOCK  
Letters PAUL VYSE



Suddenly...



Aaiieeee!

Look out,  
Vlar! The  
*Worgoths* will  
eat *anything*!



Oh no, not  
*again*!

**Subsidence**  
- caused by the  
Worgoth. The planet's  
surface must be a  
honeycomb of *caves*  
and *tunnels*...



Gah! Where *are* we?  
What is this place?

That looks like  
some sort of *computer*  
*station* - but what's it  
doing down *here*?



*Not much*, by  
the looks of it. It's  
pretty *ancient*!

But at a *guess*,  
I'd say it was some  
kind of annex to the  
*distress beacon* we  
saw in the Ratlings'  
*Chamber of*  
*Refuse*!



Maybe it was left here at  
the *same time* - when the  
*spaceship* that brought  
Elizar's people here  
crash-landed.

Very likely.

No one has *ever*  
seen this chamber  
before...





That's a pity, 'cos it looks like it's all still in *working order*.



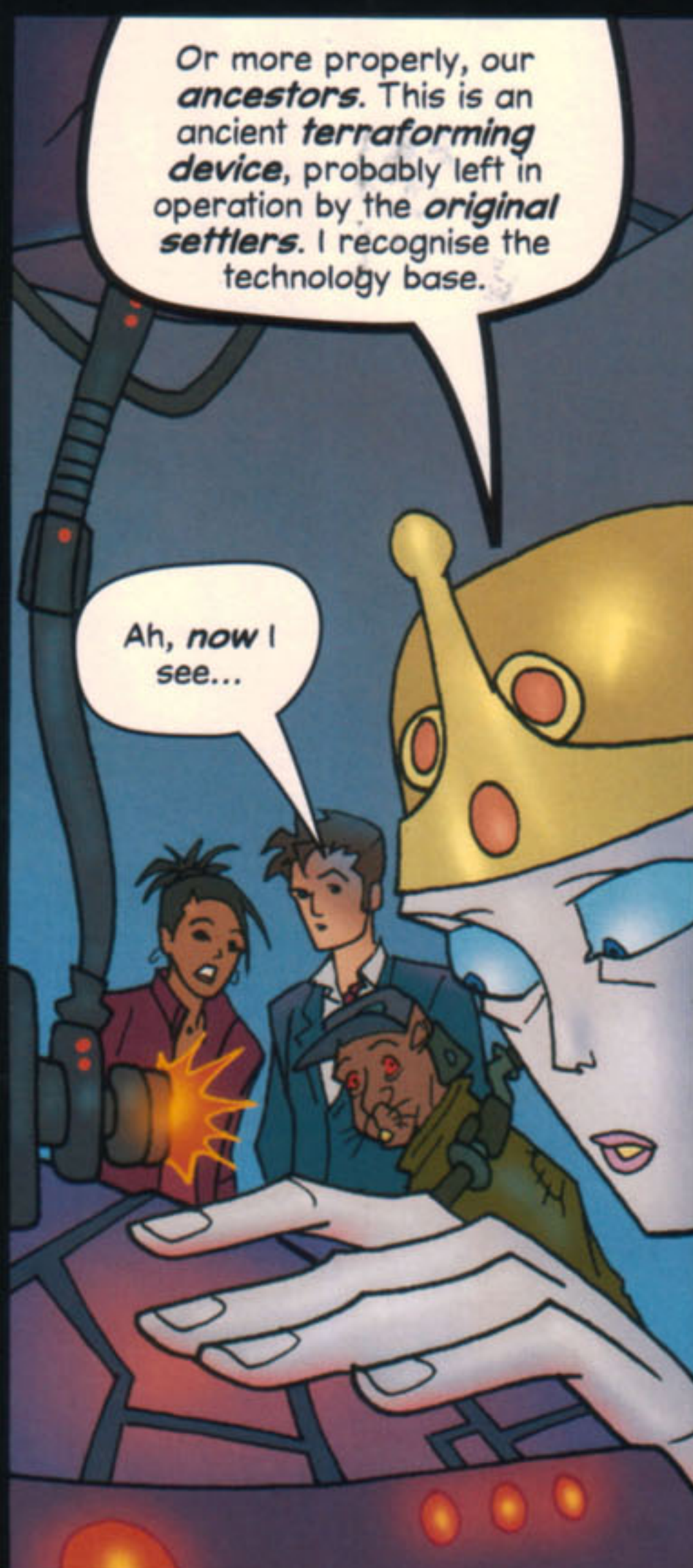
Stand back please! This chamber is *sacred* to the *Ratlings*.

How can that be? You only *discovered* it a minute ago.



Nevertheless, this is the planet of the *Ratlings* - and as *King*, I declare this equipment to be *sacrosanct*!

*Impossible*. This equipment belongs to *us*.



Or more properly, our *ancestors*. This is an ancient *terraforming device*, probably left in operation by the *original settlers*. I recognise the technology base.

Ah, *now* I see...



The *Optimi* are the *future* of the *human race*, Martha - or at least, *part of it*. But they've *evolved*, after thousands of years of *space travel*, into something a bit *different*...

You mean like the *Ratlings* evolved from humans on *this planet*?

Yeah - they both evolved in *different ways*, but they share the *same ancestors*.



*Weird*. I mean, *cute* - but *weird*. And that machine? What did Vlar *call* it?

A *terraforming device*. In the old days, humans used to *change* any alien planets they found to make 'em more *like Earth*. A machine like that can *completely* alter an entire world's *environment*.

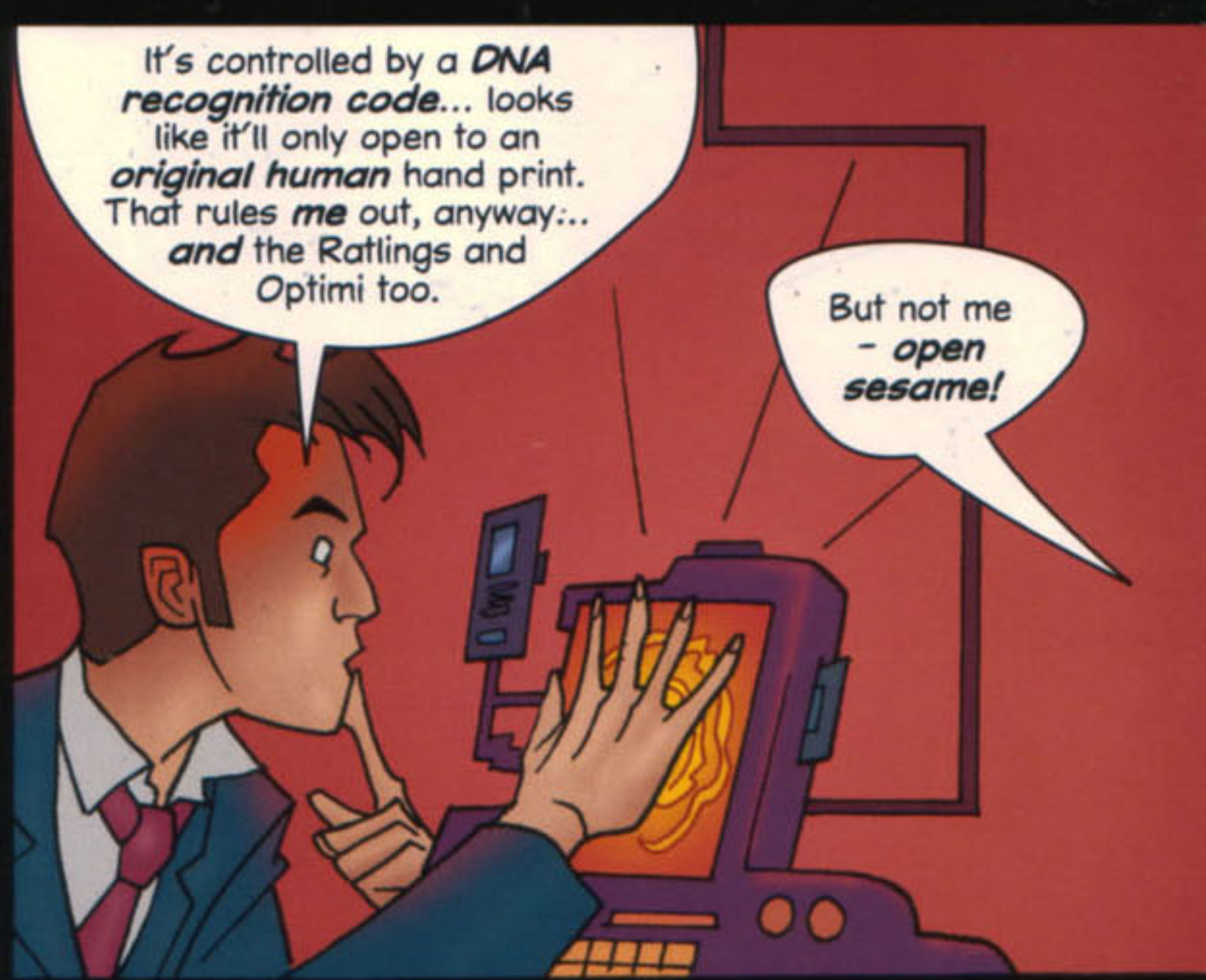




And look at *this*...

It's a *door* - but to where?

Only one way to find out - *open it!*



It's controlled by a *DNA recognition code*... looks like it'll only open to an *original human* hand print. That rules *me* out, anyway... *and* the Ratlings and Optimi too.

But not me - *open sesame!*



Oh... my... goodness...!







Incredible!  
Impossible!

It's... *beautiful!*  
Unreal! A *whole new world* contained *inside* this one! I've never seen anything *like* it!

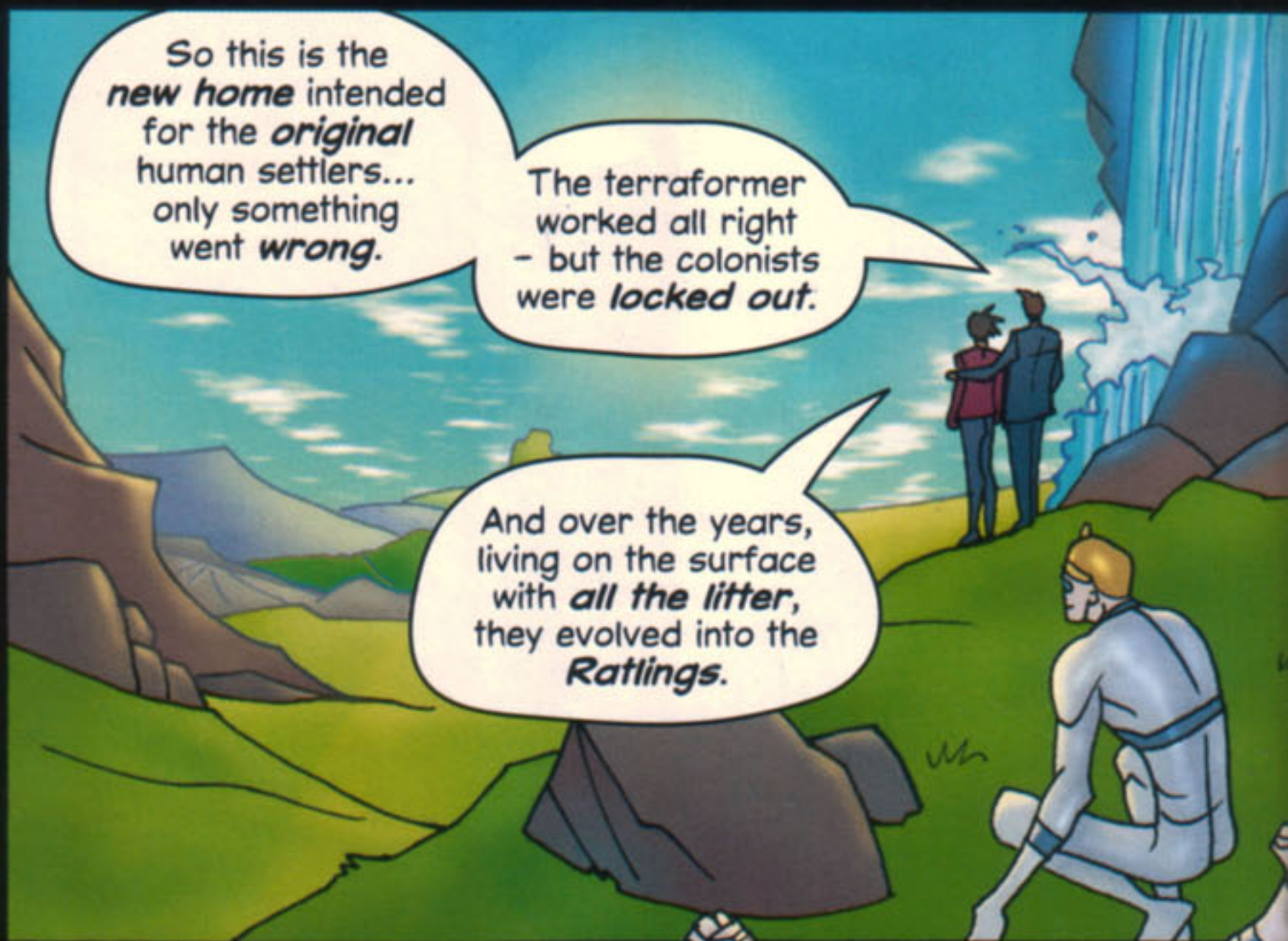


But how is it possible?

The terraforming device must have been activated *inside* the planet. It's done its work in *here* instead of on the *surface*.



Look - it's even got its *own sun!* That must be the strange *power source* the TARDIS detected - an artificially-generated solar dot! Oh, that is *beautiful...*



So this is the *new home* intended for the *original* human settlers... only something went *wrong*.

The terraformer worked all right - but the colonists were *locked out*.

And over the years, living on the surface with *all the litter*, they evolved into the *Ratlings*.



It looks like *Vlar* and his *Optimi* have found their *legendary paradise* here after all...

... although I don't think *Elizar* is *convinced*.





But it's **perfect!**  
Don't you **see?**

This is the ultimate  
**answer** to all your  
problems! Oh, Martha  
- **you** tell 'em!



The Doctor's **right**  
- the solution's staring  
you in the face.



"**Vlar**, you can lead the **Optimi**  
to their promised land - the  
**paradise world** you've been  
**searching** for all these years  
is **right here...**"



"And **Elizar** - you get to  
keep your **world of rubbish**  
on the surface, left just as it  
is - **unspoilt** and as **smelly**  
as you like!"



Later...

My people owe you  
a great debt of  
**gratitude!** Feel **free** to  
take this **old coat** as a  
**souvenir** of your visit  
to Zetheda!

Uh... right...  
**cheers,**  
Elizar.

On behalf of the  
**Optimi**, I offer you  
both my **thanks**  
- now and forever.

Vlar - welcome to your  
**new world...** just don't **spoil**  
it. And Elizar - you can be  
proud of your **rubbish planet**  
too. Just **watch out** for those  
Worgoths! Goodbye!

More adventures next issue!